

MARION STORY NABS A THIEF.

AND MRS. STORY AND HER HOUSE-KEEPER MAKE A MISTAKE.

The Women Had Already Identified Another Man as the Burglar, and He Was Then in Jail on Their Say—Mrs. Story Gives Wronged Person \$500.

PORT CHESTER, June 22.—Marion Story, society man, artist and horse exhibitor, captured a burglar in his home here this morning, and through this fortuitous circumstance released a reputable young man from duress and from the odious suspicion of being a thief.

Only yesterday Mr. Story had had the innocent man arrested, and on the sworn identification of two women, Mrs. Story and a housekeeper, the innocent man had been committed without bail, after having been locked up in the police station over night. Magistrate Crane, it will be remembered, has recently declared twice that women may not be trusted to make identifications.

After having retained a lawyer to defend him from the unjust charge, the young man found himself this morning exonerated by the real thief, who had been taken at the point of a revolver.

Mr. Story then apologized to the victim of excessive zeal, and made an appointment with the Chief of Police to go to-morrow and look for some of his stolen property, pawn tickets for which the culprit surrendered.

Mr. Story has suffered from thieves for a couple of months. From time to time, apparently whenever it suited their convenience, the robbers would enter his house at night and take away whatever pleased their fancy. Sometimes it was things of considerable value, sometimes only knick-knacks that were taken. The thieves entered the basement of the house and took away silverware, umbrellas with elaborate and costly handles, curios, and even heavy clocks.

Mr. Story's house, which replaced the old mansion of William Brooks, the former New York clothier, is outside the corporate limits of Port Chester, and occupies still much in the position of a castle, with a commanding the valleys which surround it, and is hundreds of yards distant from the nearest neighbor.

Mr. Story employed a representative of a famous New York detective agency, who remained in his house on watch for a period but so long as the detective was on duty the burglars failed to appear. Mr. Story then secured another watchman, but with the same result; so long as the watchman was kept, the peace of Blind Brook Farm, as Mr. Story's place is named, was not disturbed.

Mr. Story appealed to the local police, who, after listening to all the circumstantial recitals of what had gone on at the farm, expressed the opinion that somebody with an intimate knowledge of the doings of the family was the perpetrator of the robberies, or was at least a primary accomplice in them.

Last Saturday night Blind Brook Farm was visited again by the burglars, the last extra watchman having been dismissed. The house was working as usual, the household were aroused by sounds for which all had been listening more or less for many days.

Mr. Story did not get a look at the man, whom Mrs. Story and the housekeeper, Sophie Clark, saw creeping through a basement window, and who was seen to take away some of the things which had been taken before. They saw two men, according to the story told to the police, but they saw only one man, according to Mrs. Story.

The thief made the mistake of losing his hat, in his hurry to elude the commotion occasioned by his overturning of some furniture, which had awakened the household and had led to the arrest of a guiltless man, because of the initials that were in it.

The initials were "W. H. S.", and when it was recalled by the housekeeper, who has been with Mr. Story for twenty years, that the initials of Port Chester, N. Y., used to be employed at Blind Brook Farm, Mr. Story made a Sunday call on Justice Wakefield and swore out a warrant for Search's arrest.

It fell to the lot of Sgt. Bell, who used to be a business man here, to serve the warrant, and he had known young Search from boyhood and known him to be a reputable young man and he did not hesitate to tell Mr. Story and everybody else whose business it was to know that Search was not guilty.

Why, I knew where he was myself up to ten minutes of it last night," said the sergeant, "and I knew just where to find him when the warrant was issued."

Search has been working as a motor-man in Port Chester recently.

He took him before Justice Wakefield, and then Mrs. Story and Sophie Clark identified him. Mrs. Story said that she had seen him from Blind Brook Farm. They had not seen his face that night, but they recognized him from his size and build and his expressive back. As the identification was made by two persons the Justice refused even to admit the young man to bail.

Apparently in superb confidence that as Search had been arrested there was no further danger to be apprehended, the householder of Blind Brook Farm, at 6 o'clock this morning and reiterated the statement through his favorite window.

This time Mr. Story was on guard and heard the door opening and the young man coming and when they reached the room he was hiding behind a screen.

Come out of there with your hands up or I'll shoot through," said Mr. Story, and William Stevens, a German, 28 years old, formerly Mr. Story's butler, stepped out into view.

Mr. Story and his servants then bound his hands behind him. Mr. Story ordered his carriage, and they drove with Stevens four miles to Port Chester, where they were taken to the police station.

ALFRED PEAT'S HOME BURNED.

His Daughter Injured Seriously.

GREENWICH, Conn., June 22.—Fire started to-night at 8:30 o'clock in the northwest corner of the mansion of Alfred Peats on Electric Hill on the second floor. It destroyed the house, which was valued at \$30,000.

Mrs. Peats's only child, Genevieve, aged 8, was burned so that it was said to-night that she cannot live. Mrs. Peats was burned in trying to save the child, but not seriously.

Mr. Peats, hopelessly insane, who was in charge of two attendants, was wrapped in blankets and carried to the neighboring residence of William J. Johnston, where his wife and child found a refuge from the high northeast wind and the drizzling rain.

Alta Crest, as the house was called, was originally a large, square homestead which Edwin H. Johnston of New York converted into a palace at large cost.

He erected a log cabin cottage, gardener's cottage, windmill, greenhouses, barns and dynamo house, and the place became noted. It was on the highest point of land between New York and Boston and the summer before Andrew Carnegie's child was born, Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie occupied it.

Mr. Peats bought it six years ago, shortly before he was adjudged insane by the New York courts. Six months ago his property was given into his wife's hands. He had planned to tear down the house and erect a stone mansion.

The origin of the fire was the upsetting of a kerosene oil lamp in the child's bedroom after the nurse had prepared her for bed.

ORDERED TO WHIP HER HUSBAND.

Wifebeater Howls for Mercy Under a Court's Sentence.

LEXINGTON, Ky., June 22.—City Judge John Riley went on record to-day as a man of original ideas in the punishment of offenders. Anderson Case, a civil war veteran, 78 years old, was brought before the Judge, charged with beating his wife. The woman told a story of how he squandered his pension in drinking and then beat and abused her because of her poor table. After hearing the woman's story, Judge Riley said:

"You are an athletic-looking woman; why don't you take him in hand? A good whipping might make him change his ways."

"I would whip him, Judge; but I always heard you were very severe on wifebeaters," he thought I had better let you punish him."

"You think you could whip him, then, if I would let you?" asked the Judge.

"Yes, I can whip him all right, but I don't like to do it," said the woman.

"Well, you must whip him and I will furnish you with a whip," said the Judge. He sent the woman to the jail to await a trial for a whip and the couple were sent downstairs to the police station lobby.

The woman took the whip and made a rush at her husband, who stood begging for mercy. She let him have a thrust about the legs first, and then a blow on the head. Then she lashed him about the body until his howls attracted a great crowd. She enjoyed the show she was making and did not want to quit at all, but the police stopped her.

The husband promised to quit his evil ways and she took him home. Judge Riley said to-night that he was a strong believer in whipping.

PHYSICIAN STRANGELY ILL.

Dr. W. J. Greenelle Has Recurrent Attacks of the Twenty-second Century.

Dr. William J. Greenelle, 32 years old, of Loring place and Hampshire street, University Heights, who has had a large practice among the students and professors at New York University, is at the home of his father, 160 West Ninety-second street, suffering from an ailment that is puzzling his physicians.

Dr. Greenelle is the assistant surgeon of the Twenty-second Regiment and on the night of the military tournament at Madison Square Garden he ate something that didn't agree with him. The next night he had something to eat at a church social and complained again of feeling ill. The next morning his left leg was somewhat swollen.

Three days later Dr. Greenelle became unconscious and remained in that state for two weeks, with the exception of two days when he appeared to be conscious, but was unable to speak. Dr. Jacob and other specialists were called, but they were unable to detect the nature of the young doctor's ailment.

Ten days ago Dr. Greenelle again lost consciousness and remained in that state for several days. When he recovered consciousness, but was only able to make incoherent sounds. He was removed to the home of his father, where he remained for several days. The attending physician is that the young physician has eaten some sort of poison that has attacked his brain.

IT KILLED IN SERIES OF WRECKS.

Two Runaway Trains and a Collision in Three States.

SPOKANE, Wash., June 22.—A Great Northern train of six cars loaded with coal got beyond the control of the engineer to-day and tore through the track at full speed, finally jumping the track and wrecking three persons were killed and many injured. Three buildings were destroyed.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., June 22.—In a collision between two Missouri Pacific freight trains at Cole Junction, near this city, last night, four men were killed and one seriously injured. The dead were Michael Dwyer, brakeman, William Atkinson, and two men supposed to have been tramps. Engineer, Michael Flanagan of Jefferson City, probably will die.

RAWLINS, Wyo., June 22.—Four men were killed in a freight wreck here to-day. The dead are Frederick McGrath, Engineer, Edward Baker, Fireman, Charles Frazzini, and a tramp. Eight freight cars broke loose in the Rawlins yards and ran down Greenville Hill four miles, where they crashed into a westbound freight train.

W. W. WATROUS LEFT A WIDOW.

KATHERINE BALLOW ANNOUNCES THAT HE MARRIED HER.

His Family Did Not Know It, and Acquaintances Were Apprised by an Advertisement—The Body Goes to the Family Home, the Widow to a Hotel.

Harry W. Watrous, the brother of Walter Watrous, who died unexpectedly on Sunday at the Marlborough House, Atlantic City, was informed yesterday that Walter had left a widow.

Walter Watrous, after his divorce and his wife's remarriage to his friend Richard H. Hunt, three years ago, was in the habit of making the family home, at 852 Lexington avenue, an occasional stopping place. On the day of Walter's death his brother was informed of it by telegrams from a Mrs. Spencer, whom he knew as the sister of one of his brother's friends, Mrs. Katherine Ballow. When he reached Atlantic City he found his brother's body in the care of Mr. Ballow and Mrs. Spencer. In their company he brought it to the Lexington avenue home. Mrs. Ballow and Mrs. Spencer then went to the Holland House. In a New York morning paper yesterday Harry Watrous and others read this advertisement:

WATROUS.—On June 21, 1903, after a short illness, at Marlborough House, Atlantic City, N. J., Walter Watrous, beloved husband of Katherine B. Watrous, in the 44th year of his age.

Never having heard that Walter Watrous had remarried, several people called at the Lexington avenue house yesterday afternoon to enquire. They found Mr. Harry Watrous apparently as surprised as themselves.

"If my brother Walter married I never heard of it," he said. "I don't know anything about any Katherine B. Watrous."

It turned out that the Katherine B. was Mrs. Katherine Ballow, who, a year ago, caused an inventor named Zimmerman to be temporarily detained as insane for bowling to her on Fifth avenue as she passed in her carriage, sending her love letters and calling to see her. Harry Watrous had spent most of yesterday morning journeying up to New York with Mrs. Ballow. She had omitted to mention to him any matter.

"Mrs. Katherine B. Watrous" was registered at the Holland House, but refused to be seen. Mrs. Spencer, however, came down to talk the matter over.

"It's preposterous," she exclaimed, when informed that Mr. Harry Watrous said he did not know of any marriage. "I don't think there was a marriage. No, I won't tell you when it was or where it was. Mr. Harry Watrous wasn't at the ceremony, and I won't tell him anything about it. But he travelled all the way up with us on the train to-day and had lots of chance to find out."

The affair in which Mrs. Ballow caused the arrest of Frederick Zimmerman occurred on April 28, 1902. She had at that time been married to a man named in Fifth avenue to point him out to a policeman. She asserted that he was paying persistent and obnoxious attention to her, and had been committed to Bellevue. After the episode had gained quite a little newspaper notoriety she eloped. Soon after she was married to a man named in a Broadway show, but she never appeared.

Up to last summer she lived in a Lexington avenue apartment house, a block from the Watrous dwelling. Then she moved to the Manhattan Hotel. The son of the inventor of the apartment house, who had moved there for her and on asking for her one day was informed by her that her name had become Watrous. She left the hotel on Sept. 4 of last year and rented an apartment at 39 East Twenty-seventh street as Mrs. Watrous. Watrous called there often.

Several months ago one of the woman's acquaintances, who then knew her as Mrs. Ballow, called on her, and almost the first thing she said was:

"Have you heard that Mr. Watrous and I have been married?"

"Well, we have been," she said. She also told her visitor that Watrous was at that time with his mother up the Hudson. Mrs. Spencer is authorized to state that neither his mother nor any other of his family ever called on the Watrous at the Twenty-seventh street house.

Mrs. Watrous and her sister got a lawyer from Howe & Hummel's office last night. They went out with him early in the morning and had not returned to the Holland House at a late hour.

Dr. Greenelle's ailment is said to be a combination of diabetes and acute inflammation of the kidneys. His funeral will be at 2 o'clock this afternoon from the Lexington avenue house. The only real effect which was sent out by his family last night does not describe him as a married man.

FEAR FOR THE MINNETONKA.

Steamer From Here for San Francisco Is Now Overdue.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 22.—Twenty-seven days have elapsed since the steamer Minnetonka, Capt. Corcoran, a sailing port of Call, left this city on her way from New York. Unless she soon appears the belief will prevail that she was overcome in the great hurricane that swept the Chilean coast on the night of June 1, and caused the loss of the large steamer Arequipa and the British ship Foyedale.

Coronel is about 270 miles south of Valparaiso, where the full force of the hurricane was felt, and it is probable that the Minnetonka was not far from that port when the storm came. She has at least a full effect which was sent out by his family last night does not describe him as a married man.

The Minnetonka is a vessel of over 3,800 tons, net register and is laden with a full cargo of heavy freight from New York consigned to Williams, Dismond & Co. She left New York on April 1 and Norfolk five days later, reaching Coronel on May 23 and sailing thence three days later.

FOUND ONE POLITE COP.

Wrote Out the Route to Arverne and Never Returned to the Beat.

Police Commissioner Greene received a letter one day last week, which read about like this:

On Saturday, June 13, I had occasion to ask one of the officers at the Bridge entrance for directions that would enable me to get to Arverne by crossing the bridge. He wrote me a slip and when I gave it to him, he said, "I'll follow you." I did, and found it entirely correct. He was a very polite man, and I thought I forgot to take his number, but I want to thank you for having the right man in the right place.

The letter was signed by T. A. Wright, a publisher of 150 Bleecker street. Greene sent the letter to the Bridge entrance station, where it was read from the desk. The Commissioner's note said:

I regret that I do not have this officer's number, but he was a very polite man, and I thought I forgot to take his number, but I want to thank you for having the right man in the right place.

OUR SQUADRON'S VISITS.

Kaiser and King Preparing to Greet Admiral Cotton.

Berlin, June 22.—The American squadron under command of Rear Admiral Cotton is expected to arrive at Kiel on Tuesday evening. Emperor William will arrive at Kiel from Hamburg on Wednesday. Lieutenant-Commander Poits, the Naval Attaché of the American Embassy here, has already joined the squadron at Nisborg, Denmark, and will accompany it to Kiel. Mr. Tower, the American Ambassador, will leave for Kiel to-morrow.

LONDON, June 22.—All the arrangements have been completed for the reception at Portsmouth of the American squadron when it arrives there on July 7.

On the following day Admiral Cotton and a number of his officers will leave for London to be present at the State ball to which they have been invited by the King. It is probable that his Majesty will entertain the American and English officers at dinner on July 10 at the Royal Albert Hall.

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MCKIM GETS KING'S MEDAL.

High Praise for American Architects in the Presentation Speech.

LONDON, June 22.—There was a large gathering this evening at the Royal Institute of British Architects to witness the presentation to Charles F. McKim, the American architect, of the King's gold medal which is awarded annually to somebody distinguished as an architect or man of letters.

Mr. Aston Webb, A. B. A. F. R. I. B. A. F. S. A., in making the presentation spoke of the marvelous work American architects are doing untrammelled by tradition, full of youth, energy, imagination and initiative, and supported by boundless resources.

Mr. McKim, who has been in London for some time, has been at the presentation of the medal to him. He is a man of great energy and initiative, and has been in London for some time. He is a man of great energy and initiative, and has been in London for some time.

NEW FILIPINO CAPITAL.

Plan to Move the Seat of Government to Benguet.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN. Manila, June 22.—Gov. Taft, who has been at Benguet for some time, returned to Manila to-day in excellent health. The Philippine Commission resumed its regular sessions. Plans are being discussed for an elaborate development of Benguet by the expenditure of half a million dollars on the Government buildings at the new capital. Benguet will become the permanent capital, according to present arrangements, when the railway line is completed.

SUICIDE IN HOFFMAN HOUSE.

Dressell, a Shop Window Breaker, Kills Himself in the Toilet Room.

An emaciated and rather poorly dressed man about 35 years old, shot himself in the head at 11 o'clock last night in the toilet room of the Hoffman House. Frank Mulvey, the cashier of the hotel, summoned an ambulance. The man was dead when it got there.

In the pockets were three cents and two empty cigar boxes. On one slip was written in pencil: "My name is H. B. Dressell." That was crossed out with a heavy pencil mark. The other slip bore the words: "No position, no money—you can't have friends."

His body was taken to the Tenderloin police station. Last night it was learned that the man was H. B. Dressell, a window-trimmer for department stores. He lived in the Hoffman House at 215 East Eighth street. Mrs. Winch, who keeps the house, said:

"He told me that his wife, his son, Adolph, and daughter were living at 18 West Ninety-fourth street. This morning I heard a pistol shot in the parlor and found he had shot himself. He was lying on the floor, and I had accidentally discharged the weapon while cleaning it."

MCCOY DESPERADO KILLED.

Gang Pursued Into the Mountains by the Police of Keystone, W. Va.

ROANOKE, Va., June 22.—Lloyd McCoy, a member of the famous Kentucky gang of McCoy outlaws, who have figured so conspicuously in the Hatfield-McCoy feud, of the past two decades, with a half dozen followers, was slain last night in the town of Keystone, W. Va., red. McCoy began by raising a disturbance with John Reynolds, an agent of an Ohio brewing company. The agent's friends came to his rescue and the McCoy gang crossed the street, the police following.

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NO NICARAGUA LEGATION.

If Panama Canal Treaty Is Ratified, Says a Nicaraguan.

Information received from Nicaragua is that Señor Luis F. Cora, Minister of Nicaragua to Washington, who went home recently, is not coming back. According to a Nicaraguan whose relations with the Government of President Zelaya are of a semi-official character, Nicaragua is too poor to keep a Minister here with nothing to do; but should the Panama Canal treaty fall of ratification at Bogota, the Nicaraguan Government will reopen its legation at Washington to build up the Nicaraguan Republic. Otherwise, the only representative will be a guardian for the archives left behind.

WASHINGTON, June 22.—If Nicaragua intends to withdraw its legation from Washington, official information to that effect has not been conveyed to the State Department.

Three Good Examples of modern railway achievement—The Pennsylvania Limited, the Chicago Limited and the St. Louis Limited, running via the Pennsylvania Railroad to the West—Ad.

Along the Historic Hudson River run the tracks of the New York Central. You can enjoy the beauty of the American Rhine 120 miles by the Central. Rate 2 cents per mile—Ad.

DELAWARE MOBBURNS A NEGRO.

GEORGE WHITE LYNNED FOR MISS BISHOP'S MURDER.

Mob of 2,000 Storms the Workhouse at Wilmington, Del.—Four in the Mob Wounded by the Guards—Virginia Led the Lynchers—Police Powerless.

WILMINGTON, Del., June 22.—The Coroner's jury this afternoon found a verdict that George White, a negro, arrested for assaulting and causing the death of Helen G. Bishop, the daughter of a clergyman, was guilty of the crime. This evening many men started in electric cars for the workhouse where White is confined and then a posse of twenty police officers was hurried to the scene. At 9 o'clock it was reported that 2,000 men, many having pistols, were near the workhouse.

At 10 o'clock there was intense excitement at the workhouse and the outer door of the building was broken in. Men began to chisel down the iron doors. Pistol shots broke the globe of the electric lamps, extinguishing the lights, and many shots were fired at the building.

The guards inside were firing back at the mob and two men in the crowd were injured and brought to the hospital in this city. Telephone connection with the workhouse was cut.

At 11 o'clock it was reported that the mob had taken possession of the warden's quarters in the workhouse and that the thirty police sent from this city were in the cell wing of the building. The Sheriff has been called upon and it is expected he will seek to form an additional posse to go to the scene.

At 11:30 o'clock it was reported that the mob had only one more door to force in order to reach the cell corridor where White was held. There was a rumor to the effect that dynamite was being placed around the building, in which there are about two hundred prisoners. Excitement in this city was intense.

At 12:15 o'clock word reached this city that the mob had captured White and had started with him to the scene of his crime, one mile distant, where it was the purpose to hang him.

A crowd gathered in front of the city hall, and cheered and cheered when the intelligence came.

Another report is that the crowd intended to burn the negro. Thousands of people are on the streets and there is increasing excitement.

An extra force of policemen was sent to the workhouse about 10:30 o'clock and every electric car running to the scene was crowded with men hastening to the spot. It is said that the leader of the party making the assault against the doors is a Virginian and that railroad ties were used as battering rams. About 800 men were in the building and they were in a position where they could have been shot down by the guards, who were loath to open fire.

Outside the crowd was clamoring and shouting encouragement to the men inside and the scene was one never before witnessed in this State. Even women were standing on the line of the cars in this city shouting "lynch him!" The police on the ground outside were pushed aside by the mob and ignored. It was reported at midnight that four men had been wounded.

Many in the mob were from rural districts near the scene of the murder, and among the party were fifty men on horseback and wearing women's clothes. A man who returned from the workhouse about 1 o'clock says that after the crowd gathered there was much talk, yet nobody seemed disposed to take the initiative.

Finally a man, said to be a Virginian, made a harangue and called upon somebody to follow him. He was answered by half a dozen half-grown boys and later by some men. They had secured railroad ties and soon were at the front door of the workhouse, which is the residence of the warden.

This wooden door was soon broken in, notwithstanding that guards inside fired many shots.

Then the crowd pushed into the building and made their assault upon the steel doors there. There were five of them, and one after another went down. There was a clash between the guards and the police inside, but the mob prevailed. In a short time the cell where White was confined was reached.

White was hurried to the place where he had assaulted the girl and cut her throat, which is one mile from the workhouse. Then the negro is said to have confessed his guilt and prepared for death.

He was tied to a stake and surrounded with wood, which was set on fire. He was then burned to death, while the crowd stood around to witness his agony.

This is not fully verified at 1 o'clock this morning, although White's shoes were brought to the police station by some one who had come from the scene. The electric road to the workhouse is to run cars all night to bring back the crowds.

When the mob broke into the office of the Warden they set about destroying everything in sight, and the valuable records were wantonly torn and burned. There was a general rush to enter the building, and the guards and policemen inside were intimidated and did not fire a shot.

They were utterly helpless to combat the terrible pressure put upon them. The damage to the building will amount to several thousand dollars. It is reported that some of the other prisoners escaped during the excitement. Spectators who returned declared that the great crowd acted like maniacs.

Miss Bishop was assaulted on her way home from school, where she was taking her high school examinations. She lay unconscious for some time before she was discovered. Her father, in the pulpit yesterday, pleaded that the law should be allowed to take its course.

A charming day and a charming way if your seats are via Hudson River Day Line—Ad.

BOOKER WASHINGTON CAN'T GO.

Declines Lord Grey's Invitation to Report on South Africa's Negroes.

BOSTON, June 22.—Booker T. Washington says that his place is at Tuskegee and that he has no intention of accepting the offer of Lord Grey to go to British South Africa to undertake a similar work. At his Westchester summer home he said yesterday:

"One very practical reason why I cannot accept the offer is that Tuskegee needs about \$100,000 a year which I have to raise. Lord Grey wanted me to examine the condition of the black people, and make a report as to what methods would increase their industrial and moral value. I considered the offer carefully, but found the task fraught with such responsibility that I have decided to reject it at this time. Some day, perhaps, I shall go, but it will be when my labors here are not so great as they now are. The blacks there represent every grade of intelligence and education, from savagery to the college graduate, but the majority of the race of advancement is being done along industrial lines."

\$30,000 IN GOODS STOLEN.

Three Men Confess That They Have Committed 105 Robberies.

Three men arrested by the police of the West Forty-seventh street station, last night, have admitted, according to the police, that within the last two months they have robbed 105 places and got \$30,000 worth of goods. Another man assisted them in the robberies. There was a drop in the price of the goods they stole, they say, but were scared off.

Yesterday afternoon they went to the